

My Youth is Yours by daisyisawriter91

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Summary:

They're young, they're in love, and that's all Nancy and Kali need.

My Youth is Yours

Author's Note:

This is what happens when I listen to Troye Sivan.
Don't judge me.

Snap.

That was what Kali heard. The single *snap* of a Polaroid shutter belonging to a camera she knew very well. Nancy's.

Her girlfriend stood a few feet away, the chunky camera hanging limply around her neck, a picture grasped in her hand. She shook the picture, watching it develop. Kali felt that Nancy should've been the one photographed.

She wore a simple red t-shirt that matched her newly dyed hair, jean shorts that hugged her thighs, and ratty Converse. Yet Kali lost her breath every time she looked at Nancy.

"What did you take a picture of?" Kali asked, amused.

"The lighting on your hair was amazing, and you had the biggest smile. I couldn't resist." Nancy answered, smiling, coyly.

The picture *did* look quite good. Kali would forever be laughing in that one photograph, and she was glad for that. There weren't that many pictures of her being happy. And she just *knew* Nancy would string it up on her 'photo line', where she hung all her pictures.

"You've spent too much time with Jonathan." Kali teased. Nancy stepped towards her and weaved her way under Kali's arm, despite the intense heat. They began walking down the crowded street.

"Maybe. But you're pretty, I couldn't let that go undocumented." Nancy said. She put on a fake voice and added: "And here we see the wild Kali Prasad. Observe her beautiful mane, attracting many possible mates."

"Possibly. But you know I only want one."

"I know. Because you love me." Nancy grinned while she spoke. Her smile was infectious, Kali found herself mirroring the expression.

"I do. Damn me, I do." She joked. Nancy laughed out loud, and it was a breathtaking sound.

When Kali first met Nancy, it had been on the streets of Chicago. It was raining, and Kali was savoring the feeling on her skin. It was there that Nancy ran headfirst into her, knocking both of them to the

ground. Even soaking wet, frazzled, and a bit dirty, Kali still thought Nancy was the most beautiful woman to ever exist. She'd convinced the Indiana girl to come home with her and she took care of her for a while. It didn't take long for Kali to fall head-over-heels.

Eventually, Kali decided she couldn't live her criminal life anymore. Not with Nancy's love in her heart. So, she and Nancy ran away. The second time for Nancy, who ran away from Hawkins without a trace. They ran all the way to Los Angeles, the most progressive place they knew to go. Where they could hold hands in public without too much worry.

Now, it was the summer of 1991 in Los Angeles, and Kali had never remembered seeing Nancy as happy. She'd never remembered being as happy, herself. And even though the sun was beating down on them, Kali couldn't get enough of touching her girlfriend.

"I can't get over your new color." Kali said, staring at Nancy's hair.

"It makes you look like Black Widow."

"You've spent too much time with the Party." Nancy commented.

"Yeah, you're right. But you still look like Black Widow."

"Is that a compliment?"

"Of the highest order, my love."

They walked in silence for a while before Kali suddenly changed their direction.

"Where are we going?" Nancy asked, grinning.

"Ice cream. On hot days, you treat pretty girls to ice cream. That's just common sense, Nancy." Kali answered.

They found a little stand that carried ice cream. Kali paid, much to Nancy's protestation. In payment, Kali stole a bite from Nancy's cone. And Nancy stole it back with a kiss that made Kali forget all about the ice cream.

The radio was old and dented, but it still worked, so they'd never replace it. A tinny pop song filtered through the speakers into the dingy old room. The room was clean, if bare. A mattress with a blanket and two pillows, and a half-full closet. And on the bed, Nancy and Kali sat. Nancy was weaving her fingers reverently through Kali's hair, singing softly along to the radio. Kali's eyes were closed, listening to her girlfriend's voice.

Suddenly, Nancy stopped, making Kali alert.

"Kali," Nancy began. "If...after Chicago, if I had decided to go back to Hawkins...what would you have done?"

"I'd've gotten a job in Hawkins." Kali answered, immediately.

"Seriously? You told me that you thrive on big cities."

"I've changed my answer. I thrive on your company." Kali said. She looked up at Nancy, who'd changed an adorable shade of red.

"You're sappy." Nancy mumbled, petulantly.

"I know. It's why you love me, right?"

"Yeah, I guess." Nancy added, teasing grin on her face. Kali gave her a light shove, making her laugh and grab Kali's face for a kiss.

Every time their lips connected, Kali got shivers up her spine. Everything from the feather-light brushes to the bruising crushes, Kali began to feel tingly. Nancy had that power over her, and she knew it, too.

Eventually, Kali had to stop kissing her. Air was essential to humans, despite how much Kali wished the opposite was true. Nancy pulled away and smiled, eyes closed. Gently, she knocked her forehead into Kali's, resting there.

"I love you, Nancy. If you'd decided to stay in Hawkins, I would've stayed with you. My life is yours, you know." Kali confessed.

Whenever she told someone this, they often said it was the delusions of youth. And that was fully possible, Kali knew. Anything could change. But, deep in her heart, she knew it'd be true forever.

"Mine is yours. I love you, too." Nancy returned the sentiment. Kali drew her in for another kiss.

The radio played on. Both girls were entirely oblivious, lost in each other completely.